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Life and Light for Woman.

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No. 10



ASKING FOR LIGHT IN AFRICA.

APPEALS FROM DIFFERENT MISSION FIELDS.

FROM WOMEN AND CHILDREN AS THE CLOSE OF THE CENTURY
FINDS THEM.

AFRICA.

To our school at Inanda there once came a Zulu princess. Braving the anger of her heathen kinsfolk she had stolen away from her home and come to us to be taught the way of life. A number of her old friends soon came to persuade her to return. "Remember," they said, "the dignity and

honor of your tribal position which you are deserting. Your father is an important chief, your mother his favorite wife, and you the eldest daughter. You are not obliged to work as do other women. Fifty or perhaps a hundred head of cattle will be demanded for you from the man who asks your hand instead of the ten which are all an ordinary girl is worth."

Stepping up to a rosebush beside the door of the mission house she touched a spray of the full-blown flowers and scattered their lovely petals on the ground. "So," she said, "would my glory be."

An unthinking person often says: "The Zulus are the happiest people in the world. Give them enough to eat and drink and they are perfectly satisfied. Why must they be disturbed by a religion which they do not want?"

"Perfectly satisfied!" If it be true, that's the pity of it; that man, made in God's image, with possibilities reaching out into the infinite, should be "perfectly satisfied" with mere animal existence.

The African missionary cannot tell of millions of women reaching out eagerly for the gospel light. No, she finds them lower down than that; millions of women too besotted in sin and ignorance to realize their need of a Saviour. Yet there are moments when the fear of death, of the great unknown future, presses with awful terror upon them. Sickness brings no kind and wise physician, sorrow brings no comfort, bereavement no hope. Only chill superstition lays its iron hand upon them, filling them with dread alarms. There is to them no God, no Christ, no heaven.

But the African missionary can also tell of little groups of women, increasing in numbers from year to year, to whom the glad message has been carried, who have turned from darkness to light. She can tell of other girls like the Inanda princess who are longing for a richer, fuller life than that of their parents. She can tell of schools full to overflowing, where from day to day girls are being trained by faithful teachers for life's duties; of former pupils who are teaching in lonely schools; of Christian mothers who are striving to bring up their children in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord;" of women who testify among the heathen by their lives and words of the power of Christ to save. "So would my glory be!" "The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: but the word of the Lord endureth forever." This is the word which we ought to preach to the women of Africa. God help us to be faithful.

Laura C. Smith.

INDIA.

Seeing that "our Indian sisters" is an accepted phrase, it seems an anomaly to make an appeal for the women in India. Since, however, there are sisters and sisters, there may be reason for a few words to show why the sisters who are far off can appeal to the sympathy and help of those in this favored country.

First, physically. It is no uncommon sight, even among the high-caste women, to see a well-developed, erect, graceful woman, with a clear, pretty brown skin, but she is handicapped, nevertheless, by heredity and custom—she has no constitution. How can she, with a child mother, child grand-mother and all her female ancestry in their teens? In the training of a little girl there are some things unspeakable which undermine her physically and morally; she herself may know the throes of childbirth while a little girl of thirteen or fourteen. Most girls must leave the home and mother love to be trained by the mother-in-law before they are eight years old. I think I am safe in saying that the number of physical wrecks is not much lower than that of healthy, well-developed women. With exceptions, the women are old while their sisters in this country are in their prime.

Second, mentally. In cities and towns where Christianity and education have entered it is no longer a saying that "a woman has no mind; one can as well try to teach the cattle in the field." But there are thousands of even educated men who will not have their wives and daughters taught. With the government and missionary schools for girls full of bright little ones who can read, write and make little dabs at history, geography and arithmetic, no one can gainsay that there is



A LITTLE HINDU SISTER.

such a thing as a female mind. But the pity of it is that just as the Hindu girl's mind begins to open like the petals of an exquisite bud it must close again. The books are laid away and the head and mind are swathed in the old bandages of custom, in the gossip and reality of housewifely duties. Here and there there are happy exceptions: the husband teaches his own wife when he can be allowed to carry out his own will in the matter, or even the missionary lady who supervised the school where the girl was taught may now enter her home and continue the English and the Bible. There have been attempts to have schools for married women, but they have not lasted long.

Morally and spiritually?

Alas for our little sister! It is a common saying that "People are no better than the gods whom they worship." In India they are better, they must be better, or they could not remain long on the face of the earth. Little girls must be better, on account of their ignorance, than their surroundings. The atmosphere which envelops them we would call immoral in every sense, but this is from our Christian point of view.

Familiarity with words and acts that would be horrible for American children is so a matter of course in the Hindu home that although they cannot but be debasing they have not the same immoral force. There are virtues of love, tenderness and sacrifice found blooming in some homes where one would not expect it, but they seem exotics in the midst of narcotics or the effluvia of deadly growths.

Little children play or work about in the house, and they hear every detail of marriage, birth and scandal. They hear cursings and foul words of anger mingled with the talk of the day. A young man dies in the home, and immediately one of the children is seized and the woes of widowhood are visited upon her. The other children play on as before. They may wonder and grieve for the moment, but "what must be, must be," and their turn may come next. A mother loses her baby girl and she weeps in silence; a boy dies and the whole family wail. A beloved father dies, and the young girl who comes from her father-in-law's house to attend the funeral throws herself in an abandonment of sorrow on the form that lies still, for she knows that henceforth there will be for her no home to come to; a widow in bitter agony wails and wails, she beats against her fate, sometimes she prefers death; a woman goes down the dark valley of death. Who helps all these? Who gives pitying love? Who tells them of divine love and fellowship when the earthly is taken away? Who tells them of the resurrection; of the "mansions above"; of the eternal life? Who gives them strength and courage to live on life's daily round? Their gods? Their

priests? Their kin? No; not one!—unless some one whose heart has received the Christ-love; some one who has been comforted in all tribulation that they might be able to comfort them who are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith they themselves have been comforted of God. Unless such a one can bring love and comfort into the sad heart, the Hindu woman in her sorrow and misery is the most miserable of women. And she is our sister. Shall we sit down and weep with her? We can weep, and we may help.

ANSTICE ABBOTT.

JAPAN.

For seven years and more Japanese women and girls have been my “hobby,” not because of their charming manners and attractive looks, although both these things are true, but because of their intense desire to reach out for higher things. Notwithstanding the testimony of many tourists, their charming ways and attractive faces do not take the place of the real soul culture which we know that they need, and for which many of them so earnestly strive.

In one of the small interior towns, not far from Kyoto, there lived some years ago an old *Samurai* family in very comfortable circumstances. The father's business was the selling of wines and liquors. One of the daughters



A CHRISTIAN WORKER IN JAPAN, WITH
MOTHER AND CHILD

received a common school education, and before she was sixteen years old was forced by her father and family friends to marry a man whom she could not respect. Love was out of the question. After a very turbulent year of married life he left her, and in a very short time he married again. Her people were greatly displeased that she did not "suit," and oppressed her in many ways. As a child she detested her father's business, and tried to have him change it, but he would not.

Poor, down-trodden, heart-broken woman-girl! What could she do, now that her husband had deserted her, and she did not want to return to her father's house—nor did they want her?

One of our lady missionaries had just gone to live in the town, and our girl went to live with her and to teach her Japanese. At this home, for the first time, she heard of that One who said, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest." Little by little she received the truth and accepted Jesus Christ as her own Saviour. Not many years after, she came into our school, first as a pupil, then as a teacher. Hers was not an overflowing, joyous life, but she was known everywhere as faithful in little things; a faithful member of the church, a faithful Sunday-school teacher, constantly seeking for more light. A few months ago there came to her an opportunity for larger usefulness, to work among Japanese girls in Honolulu. Gladly she started, but on the voyage sickened and died, after a week's illness, at her friend's house. Just before her death she requested her friends to pray for her parents, who were not yet saved, and closing her eyes whispered, "O Lord Jesus Christ, O my Saviour, take me now to Thee," and was gone where there are no misunderstandings nor sorrows.

For a year and a half it was my pleasure to work with another of Christ's own disciples.

She was a Bible woman trained at the Kobe Bible school, and although she had seen much sorrow in the death of her husband, and consequent separation of her only boy, this sorrow drew her nearer to the Lord. Her unbounded trust in the Lord at all times, and her cheerful way of looking at things, were an inspiration to the people among whom she worked. There are many who will thank the Lord for her strong faith and smiling face. She continues the same loving, energetic Bible woman, working now in Mr. Harada's church in Kobe, beloved by all. Thank God for the Bible women, carrying the Blessed Word to their sisters. Thank God for the Christian teachers of Japan, some of whom have been called to higher service, the greater part still living to serve Him. Friends, is it not our privilege and highest joy to work for, to pray for, to give ourselves to these sisters who, with us, are a part of the many for whom Jesus Christ gave Himself a ransom?

LUCY E. CASE.

TURKEY.

We recall years ago an attempt at condolence with an inefficient though sad mother who had successively lost her four infants, and the placid reply, "The Lord can give more and more," emphasized the low estimate of child-life prevalent in the Orient.

"I never believed I could so love a daughter—a child I must rear to give away,"—said a young man of liberal education who has one of the sweetest and most efficient of our College graduates for his wife. The new factor in the land—the Christian home with the educated mother—makes to us older missionaries the Arabic proverb very real which runs, "Nothing so sweet as children, except grandchildren." Children are growing to be the loved, appreciated members of the household for what they themselves are.



GIRL GRADUATES IN TURKEY.

The two elements most marked in the development of this new state as pertains to our educational work are the higher institutions for girls and the kindergarten. We are crippled for best results in both these departments. We cannot for lack of a Kindergarten Training Department keep up the supply of teachers in even our large cities where the kindergarten is a part of the graded system of schools.

Who will establish the Rotating Kindergarten Class, giving our mission a qualified American instructor to do by turn in connection with our boarding schools in Marash, Aintab, Adana and Hadjin a similar work to that accomplished for the Smyrna field by Miss Bartlett? This approves itself to us as even better than establishing the Training Department permanently in any one of our cities. Where is the consecrated musical instructor to fill the deficiency at Marash College left by our lamented Miss Lovell? Where the one for kindergarten instruction? Where the money to send such?

Woefully deficient in all the Christian homes of Turkey—from Constanti-

nople to Oorfa, from Smyrna to Van—are we in native literature. The time is past when there is not some one in even the village home able to read. We can think of our own country homes one hundred years ago as having only the Bible and a weekly newspaper. Did the kindergarten and the college for women then exist? Can we in Turkey have a proper progress with college students returning to homes destitute of even the weekly paper? I am told that is what awaits us the coming year with the debt hanging over our Constantinople Publishing Department. Two thousand women in Oorfa alone during the past four years have learned to read. All this through the consecrated efforts of Bible women. Three dollars a month will support one of these in their simple ways of life. Who would have that work curtailed? Yet nothing is pledged for the continuance of that blessed work next year. I raise my eyes just now to view our indescribable Rockies, the grandeur of our land,

“Do we after grandly seeing
Only grandly living seek?”

CORINNA SHATTUCK.

CHINA.

What is going to be done to China? The civilized world stands aghast and speaks with bated breath of the terrible scenes, whose details will probably never be known. What are the nations going to do about it? Echo answers, “What!” But, meanwhile, what are the Christian women of America going to do? Will it do to wait till the political questions are settled and the indemnities paid before the new missionary campaign is planned? Nay, rather let us realize that there is not a moment to be lost. There are stations where as yet the reign of anarchy has not begun, and it may be averted. Let every one of these be strengthened. Do you realize how much more care and guidance those Christian women need just now, when reports true and false are constantly coming to their ears; when their relatives and friends are urging them not to go to church, or in any way identify themselves with Christians, lest they involve the whole family in trouble? Some of them have only been “learners” a little while, and the mists of superstition are not yet all cleared away from their minds. If the warm atmosphere of Christian love and helpfulness fails to surround them will it be strange if their hearts grow cold, and they begin to doubt if they have not made a mistake in leaving the traditions of their fathers?

The Bible women and day-school teachers who are living on scanty wages, and often in lonely places, now that prices are high and food is scarce, and the heathen turn away their faces from them and refuse to listen to their words—is there not danger that they may grow discouraged? And

the children in the schools, whose parents forbid them to go any longer, and take from them the Bibles they are just learning to love—is there nothing to be done for them? How can the already overworked missionaries carry these added burdens if you do not hold up their hands and send them the needed reinforcements? Great needs are arising which were unthought of when the carefully prepared estimates were sent in; and do you know what it costs missionaries to refuse requests which ought to be granted? And have you thought of the wives and children left behind them by the multitudes of “Boxers” in their country homes, when, discouraged by famine and poverty, they were deceived and persuaded to join the ranks to drive out the Western barbarians, whose presence they supposed had angered the gods and made them withhold the needed rains? The promises of protection from foreign bullets have proved false, and the bodies of thousands of husbands and fathers and brothers are strewn upon the barren plains, that no one is left to cultivate. The women and children wait in vain for their return. Shall we not pity them in their ignorance and poverty, and carry them the Bread from Heaven?

Oh, friends, this is no time for discouragement or for hesitation! China’s day of redemption is drawing nigh; it is being ushered in by the crowning of the martyrs whom your prayers and your money and your efforts have helped to save. But, oh! this work has all been done on such a pitifully small scale. In these days of anguish God is speaking in thunder tones to the Christian women of America, saying, “Go forward!” Very soon the calls from the workers in China, too, will be louder than ever before: calls for money, calls for workers and calls for prayer and sympathy. May you be ready with glad hearts to answer “yes.”

ELLA J. NEWTON.



NEEDY ONES IN CHINA.

MICRONESIA.

I speak for those through service for whom has come the truest happiness my life has known—the women of Micronesia.

“Is it, after all, worth while,” I have been asked, “to spend so much

money and life on them? Are they not too degraded to make real development possible?"

Worth while? Can any one of us dare say that in the eyes of the Saviour of men one soul is of less value than another? Are not these among the "little ones" for whom Christ died? The very least among them, it may

be, through isolation, through lack of natural endowment, through the influences of generations of a low form of heathenism, beside the teeming millions of China and India a mere handful,—the few sheep gone astray,—yet are they less precious to the heart of the Shepherd of souls, whose parting promise was of one fold into which all should be brought, His parting prayer a petition for this wider flock, embracing even "the least of these"?

But is real development possible to these women? Ah, that is the wonder of the grace of God! In the darkened life of every island girl born into an atmosphere of ignorance and superstition and moral vileness lies hidden the germ of womanhood, with all its noble possibilities. The soul is not dead, but sleeping; and some day, reached by the awakening touch of the love of Christ, that soul is brought under the trans-



A CHRISTIAN FAMILY IN MICRONESIA.

forming power of the Spirit of purity and holiness, and we marvel as we watch the daily development in faithfulness, in patience, in truth, in moral courage, in spirituality, in all those graces of womanhood which Christianity alone can bring.

And how many times has God permitted us to witness this marvelous change! Look at Batetiba, the first from our school-home to enter the eter-

nal life, giving us, as she passed, a glimpse into its glory which is an abiding legacy; at Lijebar, the helpful wife and devoted mother, the faithful guide of the women who are beginning dimly to see the light; at Maria, for nine years zealously training, with watchful earnestness, a band of girls as candidates for the Kusaie School, while she cares for her own growing family. See Tibora and Miriam, Ana and Linwot, Abana, Teria, Tebeau, Boaia, and many more—some of whom have even known what it means to suffer persecution for the name of Christ—living quiet, steadfast lives as wives, mothers and teachers, their Christian homes, in a land which has no word for home, as little centers of light in the darkness. In these homes lies our hope for Micronesia; in the earnest, womanly lives, transformed through the power of the love of Christ, and kept by his grace, lies the strongest argument for Christianity; and in their children we see already the finer strain which gives us hope for the generations yet unborn.

And so I plead for more abundant opportunity and a richer blessing, through your more generous help and sympathy, for the women of Micronesia, remembering the word of the Lord Jesus, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

SARAH L. GARLAND.

MEXICO.

The position of women in Mexico is by no means so restricted or degraded as in many mission lands. The change in her social status has been very marked during the last ten or fifteen years even. This is undoubtedly due to the closer communication between the two countries, the introduction of many progressive ideas from the United States, and the presence of so many Americans in the country, missionaries among others.

The government is taking a great interest in the education of its girls, and a few have even been admitted to the professions,—one to the law, and at least one, perhaps more, to medicine.

If, then, their condition socially and intellectually is improving through the provision of their own liberal government, what is the appeal that these dark-eyed daughters of the south make to us? The appeal of those who, having been in bondage all their lives *by reason of fear*, are in need of the good tidings of a Father's love as revealed in the life of our Lord Jesus Christ.

An appeal for the Word of God, without which they are surely starving; an appeal for the knowledge of a life "hid with Christ in God." possible only to those who know how to approach the throne of grace in secret without the intervention of priest or saint. In short, for all that a pure, true Christianity can give of light and peace and freedom do they look to us, nor should we deny them.

The changed lives of those who have been gathered into our Christian

boarding schools, brought daily in contact with the sweet influence of consecrated Christian teachers; the new hope and brightness visible in the faces and whole aspect of those whose lives have been hard and sordid and hopeless, before they knew of the brotherhood of Christians and the companion-



A MEXICAN WOMAN.

ship of the Saviour,—the sweet faith and earnest striving of the dear children thus trained by Christian mothers, all testify to the great need that our Southern sisters have of the “truth” that has made us “free.”

G. C. EATON.

CHINA.

PROGRESS IN PAO-TING-FU.

AS SEEN FOUR MONTHS AGO.

BY MISS MARY S. MORRILL.

YESTERDAY we had a service that marks a forward movement in our Pao-ting-fu church—the ordination of two deaconesses. During the sessions of the Congregational Association held just before the Easter Conference the matter was considered, and there was not a dissenting voice on the part of the native pastors and helpers. I remember how during my first year in China my Western independence rebelled against being obliged to sit behind a stuffy old curtain during Sunday services and not see the preacher's face. I used to fancy I could better grasp those unintelligible sounds could I see the mouth that was hurling them forth. I managed to control my desire to cut peepholes in the cloth, and comforted myself by prophetic visions of the day when the protection would be no longer needed. That room was about sixteen feet square, and for a time we were not crowded, unless it chanced to be a heathen feast day, when some of the country people would come in to get an eye-opener. The rough wooden benches were not conducive to ease; they were puritanical in their uncomfortableness, but our audiences were not critical. As the months went by, the seats behind and before the curtain were just packed, yet we could always find room for one more, and it was an unwritten law that no one should attempt to pass out before the service was over. But one beautiful Sabbath, in the effort to seat some women, one old lady trod on the veil and tore it from the rings. It was drawn back for that day, and somehow it never was repaired. I had the oversight of the chapel then, and it was never convenient to repair that rent made, not by the "envious dagger" but by the little shoe.

Our present chapel is not less than thirty-five by fifty feet, and has a seating capacity of fully four hundred. During our Conference we put in extra seats, and I have had hard work to find places for late comers. Some of the missionaries from other stations thought we were almost extravagant in our views when we built it, but we never regret it when we look at our average congregation. The men and boys have their seats on the north side of the house, the women and girls, separated from them only by a broad aisle, sit on the south side. All have an uninterrupted Christian view of the minister of the day.

As I watched Mrs. Tu and Mrs. Kao kneel for the ordaining prayer, a panorama of what the years had brought to them and to other women in the church rolled past my mental vision. Twenty-two girls with unbound feet were occupying the front seats where once we had only ten, and but three of

those could then show the badge of the "Heavenly Foot Society." There are ten women in addition who bear witness to their awakened consciences, and there are others who are feeling uneasy because they cannot quite make up their minds to snap their bands asunder.

The very preachers who could not look at the women in their congregations those long-ago days,—they seem now never to have existed,—to-day gravely request the sisters to offer prayer or speak, as the Spirit may direct; they may even call upon these women by name, and they respond at once; and may I add that they do it generally quite as much to edification as do the men? At first voices trembled, and there were cases of serious heart misplacement, but these are rarer with every Conference.

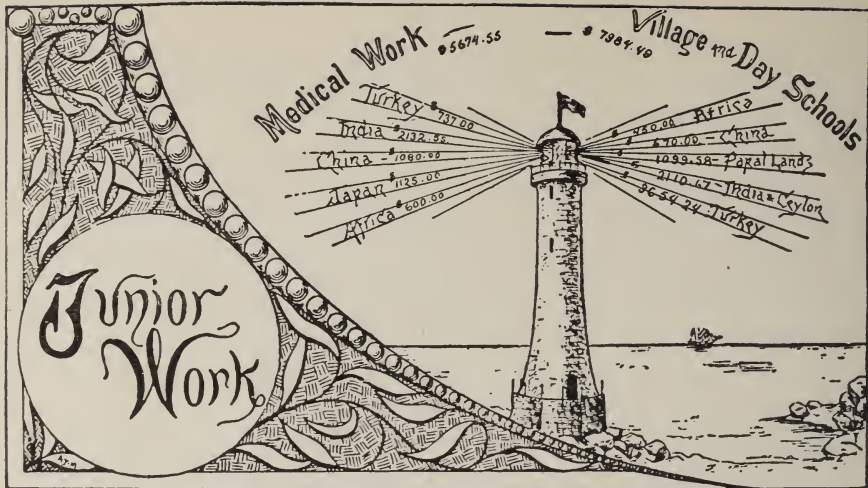
What shall I say of the development of Christian character? We often get discouraged and look on our work from the wrong side, seeing the failures and imperfections of those we work the hardest for; then comes a landmark like yesterday, and we see what the Lord has been working in the lives around us. I think when He lets in these seasons of encouragement upon us, of what surprises we shall find in heaven.

Mrs. Kao, you know, is our city Bible woman. Mrs. Pierson still has some of the gambling cards that she threw aside when she became a Christian and found that the catechism and the gospel more than filled some of the hours which she had idled away in gossip and cards. She clung to her pipe for three years after I first knew her. But one spring we decided to send some of our women to the Chinese lectures given prior to our annual meeting at Tung-cho. Her conscience and her friends had reproved her many times for that little indulgence. She felt ashamed to carry her tobacco with her, and left it at home, expecting to miss it fearfully. The Lord saw that she was willing to give it up and he made the sacrifice an easy one, for, as she told me after her return to the station, "He never let me miss it one bit." The next thing He asked her to give him was her daughter's feet. What a rebellious state she was in over that! It lasted from September until March. I did not talk much with her about it after the first, but I did talk to the Lord. At last she showed signs of relenting, and tried to make compromises as to the time and place for removing the bandages. That was hard for me, but I did not grant her an inch of ground. It was in her own home and with her own hands that she had manacled the child, and there must the fetters be taken off. So it was finally, after much talk on the part of Mrs. Kao and her husband. After the shoes and stockings were made and on, it would have been hard to say which was the happiest, the girl or her parents. The girl finally went to Peking and entered the Bridgman School, as she was able to pass an understanding examination, and is now a sweet girl graduate, having completed her course last twelfth moon.

I think, too, that once Mrs. Kao would have accepted this position in a very different spirit, for she is becoming very humble and sweet. She has gifts in certain lines of work quite different from those of our other two Bible women.

I may not say more concerning the Boxers in this letter than that their presence undoubtedly gave us a smaller attendance among the women, at least, than we should otherwise have had. Then, too, the poor harvests of last year necessitated the selling of many animals, and the women could not take the long tramps that the men did. One of a group from an outstation one hundred and thirty miles away said in answer to my regrets that some dear women could not be with us, "Some day, teacher, they will all have feet like yours, and can go where they please."

Do you remember Mrs. Chang, the old lady who unbound her feet just after the Christmas Conference? She was sixty-five years old and the only Christian in her village, and I had some fears lest she might not hold out. But in February a Bible woman and I went to see her. She could not possibly have known that we were coming, and she came to her gate to receive us wearing the large shoes that she purchased here. She walked in to the Easter meeting, smilingly happy over her dress reform and the ease with which she had taken that walk over the long, dusty road. Nor was that all her fruit. She gave me a little bunch of cash, saying: "This is my tobacco money. I want it to go to help some other woman get the gospel that has been given to me." Then I remembered how she had declared that she was going to give up smoking, too, and I had presumed to feel a little skeptical as to her ability to deny herself. The pipe is such a solace to these old Chinese women. Another had made the same sacrifice, and put into my hand her cash with such a smiling face. Only a few dirty Chinese cash, in value not more than ten cents in American gold, but the Recording Angel does not reckon thus the money that is cast into the Lord's treasury. I think that beneath it will be written the legend, "She hath done what she could." We are being constantly reminded by the home papers of the relative proportions of chewing gum and tobacco expenditure and missionary contributions. I am glad my two old friends cannot read English. I should not like them to know that so many Americans thought first of their temporary gratification, and last of their neighbors' eternal good. Said Mrs. Chang: "Every time I wanted to buy tobacco, I just laid aside the cash and hoped it would go to make some other woman better. The smoke only lasts a moment." Some other women hearing about our little Pao-ting-fu auxiliary also made an Easter offering in addition to their regular church contribution.



- To give light to them that sit in darkness Luke 1:77 -

VILLAGE WORK NEAR TUNG-CHO.

THE HAPPY WORD OF LAST WINTER.

FOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS.

BY MISS ABBIE G. CHAPIN.

THE winter has not held as much of country work as I had planned, owing to some trouble with my throat, but there has been plenty to do at Tung-cho with our station classes and day schools. Now, however, the Lord has given new strength, and I have been able to do a week's work in the Nui-pao-tun district, and am out here for ten days, hoping to come again in a few weeks and hold a station class. I did not bring the Bible woman, Mrs. Chao, this time, as Mrs. Kao, mother of Mrs. Li, the helper's wife out here, asked to come and help me and visit her daughter at the same time. As she would naturally be entertained by the family, I, too, am living with them; when Mrs. Chao comes we have generally lived by ourselves. They consider it easy to entertain guests during the first month of the year, as they all cook, at New Year's, enough to last at least half the month, of corn or millet flour balls stuffed with beans and steamed, and sticky pudding of rice or glutinous millet full of dates and beans, and also different kinds of breads and meats which can be warmed up by steaming. The heathen do no sewing before the fifteenth of the month and very little other work; the almost universal occupation is gambling.

We came on Saturday. As Sunday was communion Sabbath Mr. Wilder came out from Tung-cho on his wheel. He preached a very earnest sermon

to the little company, and about fifteen partook of the Lord's Supper. At the close of the service he laid before them the call for help which had come from the persecuted Christians of our Shantung churches, who have been despoiled and driven from their homes by the Boxers—that sect which is so rampant in that part of the country now and which the government has thus far proved either unable or secretly unwilling to check. He also told them of the efforts of a small company of Christians in a neighboring district to build a little house of worship, to cost about \$250, and how they need help to accomplish it. It was touching to see them respond to these calls, each wanting to have his little share, some even who are not yet church members. I think I have written you of the blind man who plays the baby organ, and is in other ways such a help in the work here. He was taught to play and read by Mr. Murray's system for Chinese blind at the school in Peking, but best of all, he learned to know Christ there and is now a colporteur.

The other services of the day were a women's prayer meeting and a study of the Sunday-school lesson together. The latter was much disturbed by a great beating of gongs and firing of crackers out on the street, which attracted a crowd to watch the passing of a "society," with their stilt walkers and grotesque figures waving banners and clanging cymbals. These societies are companies of men who club together, collect large sums of money from their respective villages to buy the paraphernalia and incense, and after a good deal of practice in the above-mentioned performances, to the delight and entertainment of the people, on the fifteenth of this month go to a large temple and burn quantities of incense. It is all done in the name of religion, but there is great rivalry between said societies, and often a free fight for the first place at the temple, resulting in wounded men and smashed-up idols.

On this trip we were to visit near villages. We went to two on Monday, in each of which is one Christian family. At one of these the man of the house is just recovering from a severe illness, and it was touching to see his love and gratitude toward the preacher with whom we were staying, and other Christians who had traveled back and forth, the three miles or more, to help nurse or take things to him. Thoughtfulness and disinterested kindness are none too common among the heathen, and make a practical text for preaching Christianity. Among the neighbors who came in to listen while we had a meeting with the family and afterwards preached was one old woman who kept declaring, "Yes, it's all the same thing; you are religious in this way and I in my way. I go to many far-away temples and mountains to burn incense for others." When we tried to show her the mistake she was making, she would insist, "Oh, I am guided and impelled to it by the gods."

Tuesday our village was one we had visited but once before. The family are interested but have not dared as yet to come out boldly as Christians. A large crowd of neighbors gathered. It seemed as though they were not as much impressed with the gospel truths we brought them as with the fact that we were after all not the frightful beings which many believed us to be, —in fact, were “quite like themselves,” and seemed to be “doers of good deeds and preachers of a good doctrine.” Some even went so far as to tell us of the awful stories which are repeated about us and which they had believed.

The next day's visit, I must confess, I did not anticipate. Poor old Mr. Tsao is the only Christian in the place and welcomes us to his house to work, but his old wife is not with him in these things; she makes it most unpleasant for him and most difficult for us by her bare civility and sarcastic manner. We cannot bear, however, to miss the opportunity for speaking the blessed message to those who will listen, and this time the Lord shamed our fears by giving us a group of unusually interested listeners. One incident of the visit revealed an odd superstition. When we arrived we found the door locked and the old woman away at a neighbor's gambling. When called back, she asked us into a relative's house next door, and we heard her tell some one that she had locked her son-in-law into her own house. On being questioned, she explained that her daughter and husband, who were then visiting them, had been invited out for the day to a neighboring village. The girl had gone, but the husband finally refused, and lay down to take a nap. As it was the 15th of the first month of the new year, it would be very bad luck for them to dine in separate places that day; so she had secured the wilful young fellow until she could send for his wife and bring her back.

The widow Tien “Field,” to whose house we went on Thursday is a dear, earnest Christian, living alone with her young daughter who will soon be married. She is in poor health; a brother of hers, also a Christian, tills her little field, and by careful living she manages to get along. Both mother and daughter were in our station class here last year, so we heard them read and were pleased to see how much they had kept of what they had at that time learned. Still more gratifying was the proof of their attempting to help others, for we found two or three among the neighbors who had been taught several pages of the little Gospel Primer.

On Friday the helper took us to visit old Mr. Wang, the ex-idolmaker. It is now several years since he gave up his profession and became a follower of Christ. He and his little grandson, the one eighty and the other eight years old, live all alone, and as they cannot often go the five miles to church, we were sorry to find them away. We went to a new village some miles

distant to which we had been invited by an old woman who attended our last Tungcho station class. She was also away, but after some hesitation her relatives invited us in. They were a crowd of poor, rough villagers, but listened well and seemed to take in some things, so we were thankful for the new opening.

We have just had word of a wonderful and blessed revival going on in Peking, and are waiting upon God that the showers may reach even to us. Surely He has been preparing us for some great blessing in the recent sorrows which have come! Pray for us.

HELPS FOR LEADERS.—CONCERNING MISSIONARY BOXES. FOR JAPAN.

WHEN asked if she likes to receive missionary boxes in Japan, one worker answers "Yes, if they contain articles worth more than we have to pay for freight, duty and other expenses. As we never encourage the Japanese to put on American dress we cannot use articles of clothing, as in some other countries. At one time we had a box sent containing old Sunday-school quarterlies, a few picture papers, and a quantity of Sunday-school books, such as they had when my father was young. The only things we could use were the picture papers, and the freight was several dollars."

The missionary's pocket-book should never be made to pay for any box sent, and we are glad to think that those who read this series of articles will not allow themselves to fall into that error, or that of selecting useless material for the contents.

For the suggestions contained in the following lists we are indebted to Mrs. M. L. Gordon, Mrs. J. H. Pettee and Miss Alice P. Adams.

All three of these ladies ask for the sewing and writing materials wanted everywhere, but one adds, "not copy books." All ask for dolls, and agree in adding, "simply dressed dolls," and "small dolls," the light-haired ones being more admired. The handsome dolls in their elaborate toilettes are never sufficient in number for all claimants, and two or three little girls cannot be singled out as recipients. For the kindergarten scholars the tiny dolls costing a cent apiece and dressed with ribbon, a narrow piece being tied round the waist for a sash, are great prizes. Larger dolls for older girls are wanted, but all simply dressed. Bright colors are very attractive to the Japanese. Cards and scrap-books are in great demand.

Blank visiting cards may easily be made of great use. Tie a piece of ribbon into the corner, or ornament with a decalcomania or scrap picture, or with a paint brush, if so gifted, and leave a space on which the missionary can write a text. "We want anything in the shape of

a bag," says one, "and any kind of box for the school children to use for their writing materials." Bookmarks of all sorts are desirable presents. Great use can be made of the Perry or similar pictures if sent mounted. The subjects should be the Life of Christ, copies of famous paintings, views of places and portraits. Avoid pictures of angels and of nude figures. Gingham squares from ten to eighteen inches in size, and hemmed, and larger pieces a yard square, with a very fine hem, or not hemmed at all, are variously useful. The large ones are used as aprons, the small ones for wrapping and carrying various articles. Games, not requiring a knowledge of English, like lotto, letters, or parchesi; Tam-o'-shanter caps and mittens for little children and babies; soap and soap boxes; combs (no brushes); hair ribbons; bed socks, without a sole; cheap handkerchiefs, white for the women, colored borders for children; Christmas-tree decorations; colored cotton shirts for the boys; babies' bibs—all these will find a welcome in Japan.

Scraps from our Work Basket.

CONTRIBUTIONS Once more we are compelled to report a falling off in **FOR THE MONTH.** our monthly contributions—the amount being \$482.76 less than for the same month in 1899. The falling off for ten months of the financial year, aside from the large gift for a particular building last year, is now \$1,254.82, to which we must again add the increase in appropriation of \$5,557.14. We are thus confronted with the necessity of raising nearly \$7,000 more than was given last year in the remaining two months of our financial year. From past experience we know that the women in our churches are capable of assuming difficult tasks and of bringing them to a successful conclusion, and we are sure this financial problem will not prove too great for them. The past year has shown to all the world our missionaries in a marvelous light. In the midst of pestilence, famine, fire and sword they have shown a fortitude and courage, an energy and patience that are the admiration of all. Shall we in our comfortable homes and beautiful surroundings fail them in this hour of sore need? We cannot believe this of our constituency. There must be, with God's help, some way to make good our promises to them by an increase of gifts. Let us search for this way until we find it.

OUR MISSIONARIES
IN CHINA.

No doubt every one of our readers is rejoicing with all the world that the siege of Peking has been raised, and that all our twenty-four missionaries, with their eleven children, were found safe and well. At the time of writing—September 15th—we are waiting with what patience we can bring to bear for the particulars of the long imprisonment. Meanwhile thanksgivings by the thousands are going up to our Heavenly Father whose loving care has kept our friends through dangers of all kinds—known and unknown. We wish we might feel as relieved for all of our missionaries in China, those in Pao-ting-fu and the Shansi Mission: The only direct news received by the Board from Pao-ting-fu reads: “Messenger sent Pao-ting-fu, returns. Presbyterian missionaries killed June 30. Congregational and China Inland July 1st.” A dispatch received in Washington about the same time, though quite indistinct so far as it could be made out, said that some one—possibly Mr. Pitkin—was killed trying to keep the mob out of the compound, and that Miss Morrill and Miss Gould were taken to the Boxer headquarters and killed. The message, of course, gave great cause for anxiety, but yet the Board officers did not feel absolutely compelled to believe it. Much depends on the character of the messenger, and even the most intelligent one might be deceived by those of whom he inquired. When we remember the elaborate descriptions of events in Peking, which proved to be entirely false, we feel justified in doubting statements until supported by stronger evidence than any yet received. Most recent messages from Minister Conger and General Chaffee, however, concerning a massacre at Pao-ting-fu, bring us to the point of “hoping against hope.” There seems hardly a possibility of escape. The long silence of the Shansi Mission—continuing since the middle of May—was sadly broken on Saturday, September 8th, by a cable to Washington, saying that all the American Board Missionaries there had been killed. A dispatch also came to the American Board from Rev. Henry Porter, at Chefoo, saying that the news came by one of the mission teachers and was reliable. Amid such confusion, as now exists in China, there is always the possibility of mistake, but in this instance it hardly seems probable. The missionaries were Mr. and Mrs. Clapp, Rev. F. N. Davis, Rev. G. L. Williams, Miss Rowena Bird, Miss Mary L. Partridge of Taiku, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Price and one child, Mr. and Mrs. Atwater and three children of Fen-cho-fu. Dr. and Mrs. Atwood of this mission, Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Williams, and their children, are in this country.

THE MISSION WORK
IN CHINA.

We trust none of our readers will fail to notice Miss Newton's brave appeal for the women in China on another page. Just how the work there is to recover from the staggering

blows it has received we do not know, but that it will recover we must believe, if we trust the promises of God. It is our privilege to place before our readers in this issue two pictures of the work, as it existed before the outbreak, from Miss Morrill and Miss Chapin. We are glad to preserve them in this permanent form, so that when the bright days come again there we may know just what we owe to these faithful workers, both native and foreign.

DR. CYRUS HAMLIN. There is no department of missionary work that is not the poorer from the death of a missionary hero like Dr. Cyrus Hamlin. Although his direct work in Turkey was nearly over when the Woman's Board was formed, yet his interest in it was keen and lasting. He was ever ready with voice and pen to promote its interests, and nothing brought out his scorn and disapproval more than the suggestion of remuneration for any service. His vigorous old age was an inspiration and example to any who might be inclined to falter by the way, and it came to be expected in our Board Rooms that in a blizzard of snow or furious storm one of the few callers would be Dr. Hamlin. A notice in any way worthy of the man and his work is beyond our province, but we cannot refrain from the briefest testimony to his wonderful life. One word in his last speech at the American Board meeting in Providence will be a constant strength and cheer to all mission workers—that seven times in his long life he had seen what appeared to be dire calamities in missions prove to be very great blessings. From this experience let us take heart for the suffering Christians in China.

USE FOR MISSION-ARY MAGAZINES. A teacher in North Carolina writes to *Woman's Work for Woman*: "I have a novel use for the magazines. I use them in teaching geography, the pictures are so interesting, and the children get an idea of foreign people, their homes and customs. When we study China I give them the China number to look at, and the same with other countries. It is a delightful combination of missions and geography, and perhaps my plan may help some other teachers." If all teachers, and mothers as well, would bear the missionary work on their hearts, they would be surprised to see how closely it is connected with our daily lives; and if the children were taught the connection between the two, we predict that the next generation would be neither ignorant nor indifferent on the subject of missions.

A MONTGOMERY AUXILIARY. The friends of Mrs. Emily R. Montgomery, who walked with her Master in this land, and across the seas in a land nearer that of his birth, and who now walks with him in closer fellowship, will not wonder that meetings, or classes, or schools should bear her name.

“Her presence was a benediction, her memory is an inspiration,” her pastor has said; and so it has come about in the church which she loved, and which loved her, that her name is given to a very vital Branch of its work.

A so-called Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Service for Mothers in the United Church, New Haven, Connecticut, has developed into a large and practical work, reaching many scores of mothers who cannot attend morning or evening church services, and who bring with them to this class infants and little children who cannot be left at home. In connection with this service one of the latest auxiliaries of the Woman’s Board was started, and was formally accepted on March 11th, by the president of the New Haven Branch, and in the presence of Mr. Samuel B. Capen, President of the American Board, who chanced to be visiting in the city.

The mothers had gladly taken mite boxes provided by the Branch, and had even begged for them, saying that they wanted their children to learn to give to others poorer than themselves. In one case where extreme poverty was suspected the mother, finding that all the mite boxes had been distributed, said, “Oh, I must have one! but I suppose I can take any pasteboard box and make a hole in it.” And in another case an ingenious lad of eight years manufactured his own little church (the regular mite boxes being of that form), and thirteen treasured pennies were found within its sacred precincts.

The Lord seemed again standing over against the treasury, on the day when these mite boxes were opened, and his words rang afresh in the ears of those who heard, “Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury: for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living.”

To the surprise of every one the heaps of pennies and nickels grew and grew, until the sum of \$36.30 was realized as the first year’s offering of this young Montgomery Auxiliary in New Haven.

Two little lads who were always present with their mothers at the meetings had been appointed treasurers, and it was a goodly sight to watch their earnest faces as they brought forward their gifts, and stood to receive the prayer of acceptance and thanksgiving offered by the president of the Branch. Nothing could so appeal to these mothers as the need of the little famine orphans in India, and the money has been sent to them.

The seed sown by Mrs. Montgomery is bearing fruit. May other fields reap like harvests in her name, to be used for her Master’s work!—*Mrs. T. T. Munger.*

EXTRACTS FROM RECENT LETTERS.

FROM DR. KATE C. WOODHULL, FOCHOW.

WHILE you at home are anxiously watching the outcome of the rebellion in North China, we in Foochow have been visited by a flood, which has proved almost as dangerous as an attack from the Boxers. We had been hoping and praying for rain, not only for the friends up north where the drought was adding danger to the situation, but for ourselves as well. Nevertheless, all signs threatened a drought, and with clear sky we were quite surprised on Thursday afternoon to see the waters rising on the plain. By afternoon some rain fell, the water gradually rising all the time, and the next morning we were awakened by the noise of one of China's downpours. And soon the flood had completely closed the south gate with a wall of water. That afternoon a man came up to our hospital and begged refuge for his family of eight. Sister overheard the matron telling him what things to bring; the reply was, "All gone,—everything swept away!" In the evening it was heartrending to hear the cries from all over the plain of "Save us! save us!" from those we were powerless to help.

The rain slackened on Saturday, and by Sunday the waters went down a few feet. Then we began to hear reports of lives lost, houses demolished and nearly a third of the long bridge being down. When I returned from Sunday school in the afternoon I found quite a commotion at the hospital. A woman had been brought who had been badly injured by a falling wall. She can move her arms all right, but is completely paralyzed in her lower limbs; is quite comfortable when quiet, but suffers terribly when it is necessary to move her. This flood is a few feet higher than the one twenty-four years ago. In some places small villages have been entirely swept away. Many parts in or near the city, where the houses are still standing, only need to have the timbers blackened to give the appearance of having suffered from a large fire. Hundreds of lives have been lost, and the living have suffered much from lack of food. The officers fed them for a few days, and the foreign firms with the missionaries have raised quite a sum for the relief of those who have suffered. It has been a comfort to sister and me that we could be here at this time: besides the actual relief we could give, our very presence at this time is a source of great comfort, especially to the native Christians. While they are ignorant of the real state of affairs, they do know that there is trouble abroad, and the presence of the foreigner gives them a sense of security.

FROM MISS EMILY HARTWELL, OF FOOCHOW.

A week ago to-day Mr. Peet, Mrs. Hubbard and I went to Foochow. We found the Christians had been subject to much insolent talk, and many warnings that now their doom was really sealed and they would all be killed. We heard that some were haranguing large audiences every day in the theaters, telling the people of the wonderful power of the Boxers in their ability to catch bullets on needles and so avoid being hit, while by waving one of these magic needles over a foreign house it would immediately fall. Many seem to hope the Boxers will come, but there is no organization of them in this vicinity, and we hope they will be effectually dispersed at the North and a sufficient number hit to dispel the illusion about bullets. As Foochow people have the reputation of talking a great deal and doing little, so we have no fears for any trouble at present, and hope matters may be settled at the North before the trouble can spread through the Empire.

FROM MRS. E. S. HUME, OF BOMBAY.

In Poona, for three months, the plague made terrible havoc. In the city and cantonment (where most of the Europeans reside) there were at least two hundred deaths a day for weeks. A Brahmin family of six or seven persons all had the plague; two had been buried and the mother was dying. The father died first, and on hearing this, *four* Brahmin priests, stout men, came in and said, "This woman *must be shaved*, in order that her husband's soul may attain heaven." She was too weak to resist. They took hold of her, broke her bangles, took her jewels, and holding her by main force, as in her terrible sufferings with the plague she would have fallen over, they rudely shaved the widowed sufferer, and while abusing her in every way possible, she dropped dead. But who could do anything? The government must not interfere! It was a religious rite! Those priests would lend no hand to bury the woman, but they tortured her to death, that the dead man's soul might not, by the disgrace of her having a hair left on her head, be kept swimming around hopelessly in purgatory! Is sickness and death hard for us to bear, dear sister?

FROM MISS JULIA GULICK, OKAYAMA, JAPAN.

This is the wedding day of the Prince Imperial, and a great and glorious holiday. The public school children were directed to be at their respective schools at half past six this morning! There they were formed into ranks, and each one provided with a paper flag about a foot in length on a stick, to carry in the hand. What else they did at the schools I do not know, but a little before eight the school near here passed in procession, and at half past

eight when I reached the bridge, five minutes' walk from here, the children of one school after another were marching through the streets and pouring into the open space on the island between our two rivers, and then standing in compact masses facing a big flag planted at the upper end of the island. After all had been gathered—some thousands, I should think—the national air was played by a band and the children sang, "Kimi ga yo." Needless to say they did not keep well together in spite of the vigorous beating of time by a man standing high on some kind of a pedestal. After the singing a man talked, and the Emperor's Rescript was read, I suppose, though from this side of the river where we stood nothing but the singing could be heard. Again the band struck up, the man mounted his stand to beat time, and the children sang. This time it was a song prepared for the occasion, more lively than "Kimi ga yo." Then followed rearrangement of the children so that all should face this way, the little ones in front, and nearly opposite the inclosure on this side of the river from which the two large balloons were to be sent up. Meanwhile some of the schools sang war songs with much spirit.

At the first attempt to raise the large red and white paper balloon one of the bamboos which was to support it while filling broke, and had to be replaced; then when about half full the strong breeze tore it from end to end, and the second one the same. But the children were pleased by the sending off of several small ones, about the size of a man's head, and cheered vigorously as they floated off into space.

About half past nine the assembly broke up and the children marched away as they came. I was impressed with the great number of little tots, both boys and girls. And there was a great variety of dress among the little boys. The large majority were in the usual Japanese dress, either with or without a *hakama* (bifurcated skirt), but some were in jacket and pants with cap, stockings and shoes. Then there were all sorts of combinations: Japanese dress with a cap, and perhaps shoes; or foreign dress with sandals, frequently tied on as for a long tramp.

Among the crowd not in the procession, I saw one boy in Japanese dress with slippers and brilliant blue stockings. Another with green slippers, and stockings striped with green, blue, yellow and red. But bright colors become them, and the crowd in their best clothes looked well. The main streets were well decorated with flags, red lanterns, and arches of green. One block was lined with large paper flowers stuck up within a temporary fence. Another had its lanterns hung on pine branches arranged for the purpose. Still another had storks made of folded paper and hung between the lanterns. There were eighty-six of these paper storks on one side of the street in that block. (Storks and the tortoise and pine trees are considered

emblems of long life.) In an alcove on the street were two storks made of hand brooms, and a tortoise made of brooms and small baskets, and rope for the spreading tail.

Large flags were crossed in many places along the street as well as hung singly from the houses, and hundreds of small paper ones tied on strings across the street fluttered in the breeze. With the throngs of people in their best attire it was a bright and pretty sight, and at that hour of the morning the *sake* bottle had not been in use. How it was later on I do not know. . . .

In the evening of the festal day the Christians held a prayer meeting at the church, which was attended by about thirty, and in which earnest prayers were offered for the Prince Imperial and his bride, and also for their royal parents. They prayed not only for health and prosperity for the young people, but also that they might establish a home that should be a model for all the people.

Our Work at Home.

THE APPEAL OF THE CENTURY TO CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

BY MRS. C. M. LAMSON.

“THE nineteenth century has been pre-eminently woman’s century,”—the century in which she has found herself, her powers, her privileges, and, in part, her duties. Now, since every new privilege brings new responsibility, and all new power is really power to serve, to bless, we must ask, for what does the new century appeal to this richer, stronger womanhood?

That which was true when Paul wrote to the Christians in Corinth is more true to-day: there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. More than ever we are listening, consciously, eagerly, for the voice of that Spirit, seeking to be filled and made ready for the Master’s service. From all the world over comes the call for help. Some are set to be teachers, and countless millions in darkness of heathendom cry out to be taught. Some have the gift of healing, and the suffering of whole races calls more and more for the blessed touch of women physicians. There must be many to show, by precept and example, what a Christian home may be. Many must go as the apostles went, two by two, preaching the kingdom of God and “healing everywhere.” What more Christlike than the missionary tours?

And since women have learned to organize, and we have Woman's Boards, and White Cross and Red Cross societies, and clubs for every sort of purpose, in the new century there will be yet greater need for united effort. Some women must call together and hold together those forces which, combined, can do a work far too great for any one alone. Each new diversity of gift will be needed that we may meet the new demands. Be assured that whatever your gift may be, of body, brain and heart, however developed and multiplied, to it the Master will make appeal in the enlarged opportunities of the new century.

"But all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will." It is for more of that Spirit, which is the God dwelling in us, working in the life of Christian women that the world appeals. That Spirit, filling our hearts, will teach us all much that is new.

We shall have a new sense of the brotherhood of all men, and of the fact that each is his brother's keeper. Strange, is it not, that in all these nineteen centuries we have tried to say Our Father, and have hardly yet thought that the next word must be, my brother. "If a man loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" Is not this a reason why we do not begin to know yet what it means to be children of God,—that we shut our eyes to the other half of the truth, all men are my brothers? And if brothers, must we not share our every good with them? Shall I rest serene, complacent, with embroidery, or book or plaything while my brother is naked and starving? Shall I sit content and be fed in church, when so many know nothing of the Father's love? Nay, by God's wise appointment I am my brother's keeper, and I will not stay for rest or self-indulgence till every child of man knows his birthright inheritance. The thought that all mankind is one is marching on with tremendous pace. Month by month it is taught us in some new, emphatic way. The thunder of the cannon of the allies before the gates of Peking sends this truth round the world. Never before in all history has all Christendom stood shoulder to shoulder against heathenism. Much of selfishness and grasping is mixed with the struggle, and when the peril is over there will be discord and perhaps fighting among themselves. O Christian women, let us teach the world that all are brothers because all are children of one Father!

And learning by heart this truth that all men are brothers, that all—red, brown, white, black, yellow—are alike children of God and alike dear to him, there will come to us a new revelation of the meaning of the word "a child of God." We are so shut in by sense that we hardly catch a glimmer of the glory that is really ours in being children of the All-

Father. And if children, then heirs—"heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ." How quickly would our apathy vanish, our burdens and sorrows seem of little account, did we truly believe that we are hastening to receive our inheritance! Greed, and selfishness and oppression will be changed for helpfulness and mutual burden-bearing when Christians and Christian nations truly believe that all men are brothers, all formed to bear the image of the heavenly,—to be like Him.

As we gain this new vision of humanity we shall have also a new sense of the sacredness of money. Money is only a convenient means of exchange, yet, in its last analysis, it is the representative of human strength and of time, which mean life, and life is sacred. We have found that there are ways to exchange money for the salvation of souls, and can I squander it on anything less worthy. What is this dollar worth? A comfortable dinner, another ruffle on my gown, a ticket to the symphony—good things all of them. But with this dollar I may, God helping, give life to some perishing brother. Moreover, no dollar is truly mine. "The silver and gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts." Must I not use His money for his work?

That we may meet our new opportunities we need also a clearer view of relative values. Our life is far too conventional, and therefore far too complicated and burdensome. We make our lives a great machinery, and have no time for real living. When women learn that "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal," life will be much simpler, sweeter, higher. When each of us walks close to God, seeking in all things to hear his voice and to do his will, these outer things, which will be added, will take on new beauty, varied and meaningful. Why choke ourselves with dust or toil through mire and brambles when all the while we might use our wings?

Again, we must be inspired and gladdened and solemnized by the fact that we are workers together with God. Very humbly, very joyfully we may feel that the Christ asks us to help him in saving the world. His sacrifice is all sufficient, yet in great love and wisdom he asks that we lay our sacrifice, small and imperfect as it must be, beside his. Only so can we be made like him. Each of us, too, may lay down our life, day by day, in acts of humble, loving service, and He will make it a ransom for some imprisoned soul. Are you not sure that if, all through these nineteen centuries, Christians had done their part as our Master did his that long ago some glad new year would have found "the earth filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord"? Instead of this we see greed, oppression, ignorance, sordidness, wars. Still is the earth far, far from being the kingdom of God. Is there not here an appeal to Christian women? One thing is waiting—

will wait—for Christian women, the bringing of light to those millions of women in the Orient whose maimed, useless feet and secluded lives symbolize too truly their imprisoned souls. When all these mothers have the gospel their sons and daughters will come from the east and west and from the north and south to sit down in the kingdom of God. Do you not hear this appeal?

We must learn as a new and heart-searching lesson that the very law of our being is not self-seeking in any of its forms, but self-sacrifice. Only in giving all, time, strength, ambition, love, simply to the Master and to his service, can we breathe our native air. And how can we serve Him save in serving our fellows, his other children.

This, then, is the appeal of the coming time which rings in my heart as the voice of the Lord of the ages,—an appeal for the Spirit which will give to us all a new sense of the brotherhood of all men, and of the unimagined glory that is the birthright of every child of God; a new sense of the sacredness of money, since through it we may bring salvation to souls, and a clearer vision of the relative values of things temporal and things eternal; a deep apprehension of the truth that only in sacrifice can we share the joy of our Lord, and find the meaning of life.

Men call these years since Christ came visibly to the world the Christian era, but Christianity has been greatly hampered by the weakness and perversity of the men to whom it has been intrusted. What can we do to make each succeeding year of the new century be to all mankind, more and more, truly, worthily, blessedly, the Year of Our Lord?

The time is ripening; the Spirit is waiting for us; the kingdom of heaven is at hand. O women, let us, with complete and joyful sacrifice, hear and answer this appeal!

THE MISSIONARY PROMISE IN THE NORTHFIELD CONFERENCE FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

BY MISS MARY BREESE FULLER.

THE missionary spirit has always pervaded the Northfield Conferences. And since the Student Volunteer Movement has been so closely associated with them, the two student conferences have been especially blessed in their effect on the missionary interest in our colleges. Not only have they given general inspiration, but practical training of a most valuable kind in ways of understanding and promoting the missionary enterprise.

This last young women's conference was perhaps typical in its helpfulness along these lines—its combination of deep spirituality with clean-cut tech-

nical suggestiveness. Every year an increasing number of alumnae come to Northfield for help in their church missionary organizations, as they found it for missionary work in college.

To meet this need a new department of the Conference has been open for two years—the Church Workers' Conference, where specific suggestions are given for work in Christian Endeavor, Young Ladies' and Children's Missionary Societies. Always the Missionary Institute has held a prominent place in the Conference. A missionary guest every year is asked not only to speak in meetings, but more especially to give direct personal help in answering questions, and opening questions to answer, among the girls. As there is no denominationalism at Northfield these missionary guests represent different Boards: for example, Miss Isabella Thoburn of the Methodist Board, Mrs. Waterbury of the Baptist, and Dr. Pauline Root of the Congregational Board.

Besides this regular provision the missionary atmosphere is always increased by missionaries, Board secretaries, and other specialists who address the platform and Round Top meetings. This summer the impulse to a lofty ideal in the greatest work in the world was given at the very beginning by the veteran missionaries, Drs. Paton and Chamberlain. Miss Leitch, Mrs. Montgomery of Rochester, Dr. Carlton of China, and Mr. Robert E. Spear of New York were other speakers. Dr. Root presided over the Missionary Institute, assisted by two young alumnae who took charge of the technical side of the work. Topics like the Missionary Committee, Missionary Meetings, Mission Study, Missionary Literature, Giving to Missions, Prayer and Missions were discussed, with outside specialists as well as the students and leaders giving of their experience. Mr. Thurston of the Yale Band gave much valuable inspiration and advice about Christian Endeavor Societies in the Church Workers' Conference. Mrs. Waterbury's original ideas for Young Ladies' and Children's Societies were most arousing in their effect.

Every meeting was permeated with the spirit of prayer,—with the sense of individual responsibility, made especially solemn by the crisis in China and the thought of the vacant places to be filled. What were the definite results? Under the leadership of women of such rare wisdom and tact as Dr. Root and Mrs. Waterbury, the student volunteers present increased in numbers from twenty to twenty-eight, and many are still facing the question of a lifework under the call at Northfield. Many missionary books were purchased, and plans for libraries prayerfully and earnestly made. Letters are still coming to the leaders telling of the fresh bias given to thought on this heritage of the Master. The connection of all this with our Woman's Board work is obvious. When, largely as a result of Northfield, one of our

Eastern women's colleges gave \$1,100 to missions last year; when this training results in large missionary meetings, finely planned and presided over by the girls, in enthusiastic mission study classes, in campaign speakers, in churches, most of all in lines consecrated to the foreign field,—what may not the Board expect?

These girls are ready and eager to have the larger touch with church work when they graduate. Their executive training, their understanding of systematic study and acquaintance with missionary literature, their fresh consecration are all waiting this fall. But there is a little shyness about the waiting, and from the older women must come the recognition, the welcome and the invitation for the work.

That hard "first year out," the adjustment from college to home, the fitting into a new niche in the Christian work would be much easier if just a little pains were taken by some one to know that Miss Jones, for instance, was President of the Missionary Society at Smith, or Miss Brown had the normal class of all the mission study class leaders at Wellesley. Some wise ones have come to Northfield, have found the leader for that difficult Young Ladies' Society, have bespoken the services of another girl for next year's programme committee, and have quietly said at the right moment to the right girl, "Have you ever thought of teaching in that college over the sea instead of at home?"

It is with great thankfulness that one who has been in both places watches the College Association girl becoming the brave church worker; that one trusts that every year the connection may be made more vital between the outpourings at commencement seasons and the gathering of our missionary societies in the autumn, and that one believes the promise is being fulfilled of the "unity of spirit" in doing "even greater works" than He did.

SIDELIGHTS FROM PERIODICALS.

CHINA.

THE monthlies are, on the whole, more to be relied upon for correct information, and the various writers largely agree upon the main points of China's commercial, political and social condition. Allusions to missionary enterprises appear more frequently in the secular magazines, doubtless because of charges against them made since the revolution broke out. Adverse to foreign missions is "Our Asiatic Missionary Enterprise," by J. M. Scanland in the *Arena*, September. Its argument that the thousands of dollars wasted on missions in China should be used on the poor at home is a familiar one, and stamps this production. Let the reader turn from it to the *Churchman*,

August 25th, and read the masterful words of an expert in missions, Robert E. Speer, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board. Though written in reply to an attack made in the *New York Times*, yet any and every caviler at missions is effectually answered by Mr. Speer's accumulation of facts.

A testimony to missions closes "The Revolution in China and its Causes," by R. Van Bergen, *Century*, September. After Curzon's "Problems in the Far East" appeared, Mr. Van Bergen gave to missions a careful study, with the result of ascribing to them a large place in the reconstruction of the empire.

In the same number Dr. Sheffield, President of the Tung Chau college of the American Board, contributes "The Influence of the Western World on China," concluding, "Happily in all of this confusion the road of moral right and of political wisdom that should be pursued by all the nations is not difficult of recognition." At his writing in May, Dr. Sheffield suggests for our Government the very course outlined in Secretary Hay's message to China, July 3d.

A valuable collection of facts upon this general subject may be found in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*, August 4th, from the pen of our Secretary, Dr. Judson Smith. Space forbids further mention, except by title, of the many-sided lights thrown upon China, all well worth a reading.

Arena, September. Four discussions (one of which noted above, by Mr. Scanland) under the general head "Mongolian vs. Caucasian."

Littell, September. "The story of Tu-Phu" from the French; also, "Chinese Society," by Prof. Rob. K. Douglass.

Cosmopolitan, September. "China and the Powers," by John B. Walker; "What China Really Is," by John B. Dane.

Review of Reviews, September. Four important and valuable articles on China.

Forum, September. "China Against the World," by Paul Reinsch; "Japan's Attitude Toward China," by D. W. Stevens.

Chautauquan, September. "An American Consulate in China," by Mary H. Krout (Consul Goodnow at Shanghai).

Contemporary Review, August. "The United States in China," by Josiah Quincy.

Outlook, September 1. Portraits and Pictures relating to Present Crisis in China.

North American Review, September. Under "The Outbreak in China" appear four articles, the first of which will claim our especial attention, being from the pen of Dr. F. E. Clark.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Atlantic, September. "Recent Books on Japan."

Arena, September. "American Interests in Africa."

In same, "India's Famine and Its Cause."

 ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Thirty-third Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held in Old South Church, Boston, on Wednesday and Thursday, November 7 and 8, 1900. A meeting specially for delegates will be held in the chapel of the church on Tuesday, November 6th.

The ladies of Boston and vicinity will be happy to entertain all regularly accredited Branch delegates and missionaries during the meeting. All such desiring entertainment are requested to send their names before October 6th to Mrs. Nathaniel Greene, 704 Congregational House, Boston, Chairman of the Committee on Hospitality. For delegates and others who may desire to secure board, suitable places, at reasonable rates, will be recommended on application to the above address. It is earnestly requested that if any ladies who send their names decide not to attend the meeting the Committee be promptly notified.

 TOPICS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS.

1900.

October.—From Darkness to Dawn in Africa. An Unknown Land; Entrance of Christian Civilization; Its New Life. See LIFE AND LIGHT for September.

November.—Thank-offering Meeting. The Century's Appeal to Christian Women.

December.—Marked Events in Mission Lands during the Year 1900.

1901.

January.—Philanthropic Work in Missions. Evangelistic. For Victims of Famine and Pestilence; For Lepers and other Special Classes.

February.—Philanthropic Work in Missions. Educational. For Widows; For Orphans; For the Blind.

March.—The Power of Individual Effort in Foreign Missions. Of the Missionary; Of the Native Helper; Of the Home Worker.

April.—The Missionary Meeting. Our Ideal: How to Attain it.

May.—Young People's Work. Student Volunteers; Christian Endeavor Societies; Junior Organizations of the Board.

June.—Buddhism. The Life of Buddha; His Teachings; Present Results.

July.—Confucius. His Philosophy; Ancestral Worship.

August.—Mohammedanism. Its Inception; Growth; Present Power.

 THANK-OFFERING MEETING.—THE APPEAL OF THE CENTURY TO CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

TOPIC FOR NOVEMBER.

It is not often that we suggest a subject for a thank-offering meeting other than the one great theme, "What shall I render unto God for all his benefits toward me?" Yet in thinking over our own innumerable blessings in this closing year of the century, we open our minds and hearts to appeals of those to whom it is our privilege to carry the cup of salvation throughout the world. The appeals from the different missionaries in this number will touch all hearts. We suggest that the substance of those from two or three countries be given, to which we would add an appeal from the work itself or some of the native women. We give references from LIFE AND LIGHT from which selections can be made from any country desired. AFRICA: The

"Two Bible Women at Esidumbini;" "The Story of Ella, August, 1895; "Home School for Kraal Girls," March, 1895, August, 1896; "Story of Sisime Dube," November, 1899 INDIA: "Two Widows," March, 1890; "A Hindu Woman and her Redemption," May, 1892; "A Hindu Woman's Prayer," November, 1892; "Gungabai the Lowest Promoted to the Highest," October, 1894; "A Brand Plucked from the Burning," June, 1899; "A High Caste Hindu Woman's Conversion." Leaflet. TURKEY: "The Story of My Mission," October, 1889; "Open Doors in Cilicia," January, 1894; "Among the Armenians," November, 1895; "Sister Varteni." Leaflet. CHINA: "Noble Lives," July, 1893; "Woman's Work at Pang-Chuang," September, 1893; "Story of Chio," February, 1894; "One of Our Girls," May, 1894; "Golden Lilies," August, 1896; "Omitted," May, 1898. JAPAN: "Present Status of Woman in Japan," October, 1893; "Bible Women in Japan," March, 1897; "Two Personalities," September, 1897; "Japanese Women of the Present Day," December, 1898. MICRONESIA: "A Hand to Hand Struggle," November and December, 1895; "Rescued," August, 1898. PAPAL LANDS: "International Institute for Girls in Spain." February, 1897, November, 1899; Paragraphs, September, 1895. MEXICO: "One of the Saints," November, 1892, October, 1895; "Cuca," May, 1894. AUSTRIA: "What Bible Women are Doing," September, 1895, August, 1897.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

Receipts from July 18, 1900, to August 18, 1900.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

MAINE.			
<i>Sherman Mills.</i> —A Friend,	1 00	10.61, Aux., 3, Dau. of the Cov., 5; Woodstock, A Friend, 10,	248 58
<i>Eastern Maine Branch.</i> —Mrs. J. S. Wheelwright, Treas. Bangor, Aux., 1; Orland, Miss H. T. Buck, 10; Rockland, Cong. Ch., Golden Sands M. B., 19 10,	30 10	Total,	248 58
<i>Western Maine Branch.</i> —Mrs. C. C. Chapman, Treas. Biddeford, Second Cong. Ch., Aux., 11.25; Bridgton, 6,	17 25		
Total,	48 35	MASSACHUSETTS.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.			
<i>New Hampshire Branch.</i> —Mrs. Allen L. French, Treas. Concord, South Ch., Prim. Dept., S. S., 5; Harrisville, C. E. Soc., 3; Henniker, Cong. Ch. and Soc., 10; Keene, First Ch. (of wh. 25 const. L. M. Mrs. L. J. Merrill), 43, Second Ch. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Miss Lillian F. Wardwell), 18; Laconia, Aux., 25; Lebanon, Aux., 27.50; Merrimack, Aux., 22.14; Milford, Aux., 72; Mount Vernon, Aux., 17; North Hampton, Aux., 26; Orford, Aux., 28.25; Somersworth, Good Will M. C., 10; Webster, Aux., 11,	317 89	<i>Andover and Woburn Branch.</i> —Mrs. G. W. Dinsmore, Treas. Billerica, Aux., 16; Lexington, Aux. (of wh. 25 by a friend to const. L. M. Mrs. J. P. Prince), 28; Lowell, Juniors, 2; Maplewood, Jr. C. E. Soc., 4.50,	50 50
Total,	317 89	<i>Barnstable Branch.</i> —Miss Amelia Snow, Treas. North Falmouth, Aux.,	22 00
VERMONT.			
<i>Vermont Branch.</i> —Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas. Berkshire, East, C. E. Soc., 5, Jr. C. E. Soc., 4; Bradford, C. E. Soc., 5; Burlington, Aux., 30; Chelsea, Sarah P. Bacon, Benev. Soc., 10; Hartford, E. H. H., 10; Manchester, 52.92; Milton, Aux., 15; Norwich, A Friend, 5, A Friend, 1; St. Johnsbury, North Ch., Aux., 66.55, South Ch., Miss Ely's S. C. Class, 1 50; Swanton, 14; Wilder, E. C. D. Band,	—	<i>Braintree.</i> —A Friend,	2 00
		<i>Essex North Branch.</i> —Mrs. Wallace L. Kimball, Treas. Bradford, Bradford Academy, Aux.,	20 00
		<i>Hampshire Co. Branch.</i> —Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas. Hadley, Aux., 24.15; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux., 1, Smith College M. Soc., 45; South Amherst, C. E. Soc., 25,	95 15
		<i>Haverhill.</i> —M. L. C.,	2 50
		<i>Middlesex Branch.</i> —Mrs. E. H. Bigelow, Treas. Natick, Aux., 25, Cradle Roll, 4.41; South Framingham, Grace Ch., Aux., 70.39; South Natick, Annie Eliot Soc., 10,	109 80
		<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.</i> —Miss Sarah B. Tirrell, Treas. Brockton, First Ch., Aux., 25; Hanover, Aux., 4.50; Plympton, Aux., 3.50; South Braintree, Aux., 5,	38 00
		<i>Suffolk Branch.</i> —Miss Myra B. Child, Treas. Boston, Berkeley Temple, C. E. Soc., 20, Central Ch., Jr. Aux., 125, Union Ch., A Friend, 50; Cambridge, First Ch., Aux., 13.75, Cradle Roll, 11.65; Chelsea, Mrs. W. S. Butler, 8, Third Ch., Aux., 7.05; Clarendon Hills, Ladies' Aid Soc., 7.30; Dedham, Miss M. C. Burgess, 25; Dorchester, Miss Martha L. Richardson, 75, Second Ch., Aux., 62.72; Foxboro, Aux. (of wh. 25 const. L. M. Mrs. Jemima	

P. Bragg), 40; Jamaica Plain, Boylston Ch., Y. L. Aux., 50; Needham, Aux., 12; Newton Centre, First Ch., Aux., 19.04; Newton Highlands, Aux., 7.04; Newtonville, A Friend, 10; Roxbury, Highland Ch., Aux., 35.70; Somerville, Prospect Hill Ch., Woman's Union, 40; Winter Hill Cong. Ch., Y. L. M. Soc., 25; Waltham, C. E. Soc., 4.02; West Medway, Second Cong. Ch., Aux. and friends, 6, S. S., 6.50,	651 77
Total,	991 72

LEGACIES.

<i>Springfield.</i> —Legacy of Mrs. Cynthia A. Brewer, James C. Ingersoll, Arthur B. West, Exrs.,	518 00
<i>Worcester.</i> —Legacy of Albert Curtis, add'l,	20 00

RHODE ISLAND.

<i>Rhode Island Branch.</i> —Mrs. Clara J. Barnfield, Treas. Arnington Corners, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2.40; Chepachet, A Mem. Off., 50 cts.; Providence, Free Evang. Ch., Aux., 34, Pilgrim Ch., Aux. (2.20 Mem. Off.), 41.18, Laurie Guild (25 to const. L. M. Miss Clara Jane French, and 25 by A. L. B. in mem. of Mrs. Ellen A. Laurie to const. L. M. Miss Mary T. Spencer), 50, Little Pilgrims, Cradle Roll, 13, Union Ch., Mrs. Charlotte E. L. Slocum (a Mem. Off.), 2, Aux., 249.08; Riverpoint, Mrs. Emma E. Greene (a Mem. Off.), 1; Woonsocket, Globe Ch., Ladies' Union, 35,	428 16
Total,	428 16

LEGACY.

<i>Central Falls.</i> —Legacy of Mrs. Catherine E. Plimpton, James H. Lyon, Adm'r,	100 00
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CONNECTICUT.

<i>Eastern Conn. Branch.</i> —Miss Mary I. Lockwood, Treas. Add'l Silver Off., 12.27, A Friend, 5 cts.; Danielson, Aux., 19.44; Griswold (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Miss Annie M. Buck); Grotton, S. S., 10.41; New London, First Ch., Aux., 22; Norwich, Second Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 3, Park Ch., A Friend, 5, S. S., 10,	82 17
<i>Groton.</i> —In mem. of S. P. C.,	25 00
<i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas. Berlin, Cradle Roll, 6; Bristol, C. E. Soc., 16.50; Canton Centre, Jr. C. E. Soc., 10; East Windsor, Cradle Roll, 8.86; Glastonbury, Aux., 55; Hartford, First Ch., Cradle Roll, 1; New Britain, First Ch., Aux., 31.78; Newington, Y. L. F. M. Soc., 30; Tolland, Aux., 30; West Hartford, Aux., 33.40; Wethersfield, C. E. Soc., 43.40; Windsor Locks, Aux., 200,	465 94
<i>New Haven.</i> —Mrs. Laura Hale Dingwell, <i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Miss Julia Twining, Treas. New Haven, Centre Ch., Aux., 97, Jr. M. C., 6; New Milford, Y. L., 34.50; New Preston, Aux., 6.95; North Branford, Aux., 26.50, C. E. Soc., 11.80; North Haven, Jr. C. E. Soc., 50 cts.; North Woodbury, C. E. Soc., 15; Orange, Aux., 28; Prospect, Gleaners, 4; Ridgebury, Aux., 10; Salisbury, Aux., 17; Say-	10 00

brook, Aux., 6.65; Sharon, Aux., 77.50, C. E. Soc., 10; South Britain, C. E. Soc., 5; Stamford, Aux., 32; Stratford, Aux., 3.60, Alpha C., 5, C. E. Soc., 15; Warren, Aux., 5; Waterbury, Second Ch., Aux., 6, G. T., 5; Watertown, C. E. Soc., 10; Westport, Aux., 9.65; Whitneyville, S. S., 5, C. E. Soc., 10; Wilton, Aux., 1; Winsted, Second Ch., Aux., 60, Jr. Workers, 23,	536 65
Total,	1,119 76

NEW YORK.

<i>Yaphank.</i> —A Friend of Missions,	6 00
<i>New York State Branch.</i> —Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas. Albany, Aux., 25; Fairport, Aux., 40; Ithaca, S. S., 27.23; Poughkeepsie, Aux., 20; Utica, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 10; West Carthage, Aux., 5; <i>Pa.</i> , Neath, C. E. Soc., 5,	132 23
Total,	138 23

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

<i>Philadelphia Branch.</i> —Miss Emma Flavell, Treas. D. C., Washington, First Ch., Aux., 51.92, Jr. C. E. Soc., 1.10, Mt. Pleasant Ch., Aux., 44 60, Fifth Ch., Aux., 12, N. J., Glen Ridge, Aux., 75; Newark, First Ch., Aux., 15; Orange Valley, C. E. Soc., 25; Paterson, Aux., 9; Westfield, "The Covenanters," 72.83, <i>Va.</i> , Falls Ch., S. S., 4.50,	310 95
Total,	310 95

MARYLAND.

<i>Baltimore.</i> —Wild Tiger Soc.,	30 00
Total,	30 00

Through Miss Anstice Abbott:—Massachusetts, Andover, Miss E. G. Ellis, 1. New Hampshire, Milford, Rev. G. W. Darling, 5; Mount Vernon, Miss M. T. Kittredge, 30, Collection, Cong. Ch., 25; Portsmouth, Miss E. B. Haven, 30, Mrs. H. T. Green, 35, Miss Louise Thatcher, 2, Miss S. Jewett, 1, Miss Matilda Cutter, 5, Mrs. E. P. Kimball, 25; Wilton, Miss Elizabeth Abbott, 1, Mrs. Charles Heselton, 1.50, Collection, Cong. Ch., 14.56, Collection, Unit. Ch., 19.10, Rhode Island, Providence, Miss E. M. Haskell, 5, Miss H. Carpenter, 2.50, Mrs. F. W. Carpenter, 5, Connecticut, East Woodstock, Mrs. S. E. A. Carr, 3.25, New York, New York, Miss Emily MacConkey, 1, District of Columbia, Washington, Mrs. W. R. Hooper, 5,	216 91
Total,	216 91

TURKEY.

<i>Adabazar.</i> —Girls' High School, C. E. Soc.,	25 00
Total,	25 00
General Funds,	3,328 49
Gifts for Special Objects,	547 06
Variety Account,	14 72
Legacies,	638 00
Total,	\$4,528 27



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1275 Sixth Ave., Oakland, Cal.

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576 East 14th Street, Oakland, Cal.

Treasurer Young Ladies' Branch.

MISS GRACE GOODHUE, 1722 Geary Street, San Francisco, Cal.

AFRICA.

LETTER FROM REV. F. R. BUNKER.—THE IRELAND HOME.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I have seated myself on the front veranda of my home this bright morning to begin a letter to you. How I wish I had the power to describe the scene of beauty which lies before me. I can still remember the idea of Africa and missionary work which I received from pictures in old missionary books—a bare outline of a two-storied house in a barricade, a few leafless trees and naked blacks, and usually with a leopard in the foreground carrying off a black man, with a valiant missionary in hot pursuit. Such a picture is about as true to life as the boy's first sketch, which needs to be labeled "this is a horse," to what Alexander's noble charger Bucephalus was in his fullest power. The scene on which my eyes rest this morning is one of outlines, but outlines of crystal sunlight filled in with the infinite details and colors with which God rejoices to instruct and delight his children. The sky looks down upon us with the same friendly, living blue that shines up from our baby Kenneth's eyes. The breezes blow kisses from my cheek as lightly as my little cuddler Wilfrid knows how to do. The trees dance in the breezes as gayly as that bevy of missionary tots which has just passed, going to see the little newcomers from America. The bird voices blend with those child voices in a chorus delightful to hear. After the rain you can almost see things grow at the invitation of old Father Sun. He is a powerful wooer in this land. The roses, the agapan-

thus, the cannas, the iris and the geraniums in our front yard approve of what I say about him, and would tell you so if you were here. The blue pigeon which just passed within four feet of my head and cooes saucily on that branch yonder, and those butterflies sunning themselves in his rays, would join their testimony to his glory.

Looking down across our "Garden of Eden," there, low down under those tall eucalyptus trees, its white walls and thatched roof showing above the green bank, but its foundations out of sight behind it, lies Ireland Home, which I wish to make the subject of this letter.

For long the home of missionaries, especially of the Ireland family, it has since 1894 been sheltering those dusky maidens whom you may see flitting to and fro around it in such numbers. It is a house of refuge, a school, a home, and a temple of the Most High God. It is not beautiful to look at, nor beautiful to be in, but the beautiful spirit of Christ's love reigns in it, and lives are beautified by abiding in it. It is a part of God's answer to Ethiopia when she stretches out her hands in supplication to him. It is a door of hope opened to a better life for all the daughters of Ethiopia in this region who flee from the old life. Ready at the door stand God's redeemed white daughters to give his welcome to the fleeing one, and with hands and hearts, Spirit moved, to serve in reclaiming and upbuilding the new life for his glory.

Seen from the place where we sit it looks like a busy hive of industry. Here are girls passing on their way to the spring far up on the hill. Large buckets are on their heads, and soon you will see them coming down with them full of water, carried with the strength of an athlete and the skill of a juggler. Two hundred dollars would yoke Sir Gravitation to this service and release these girls, but the dollars are not in sight.

Down in the garden to the right is a company planting sweet potatoes. Corn, beans, pumpkins and some unpronounceable native vegetables are cultivated there also. At certain times we will see a long line of girls in single file passing, carrying huge bundles of wood on their heads, which they have gathered piece by piece in the bush. Around the house are girls breaking up the wood for burning, cutting or raking the lawns, or going back and forth from the rough cooking shanty to the dining room. There are two grinding the corn in a hand-mill under that reed shed, and outside are two others who are making *stamp* (hominy) in a large wooden mortar with heavy wooden pestles. Out there on the grass in the sun is a small group wrapped in blankets. They are in the "hospital," and are taking a sun bath this fair morning. On the back porch are a few talking with some of their heathen friends who have come to visit them, bringing a dish of *amadumbi* ("elephant's ears"), green corn, or some other home delicacy.

Not infrequently you may see heathen fathers, brothers or mothers, with angry, sullen faces, talking to a recent runaway who stands in the doorway ready to flee inside in case of need, while a lady teacher, or, in more serious cases, a missionary, stands guard to keep the peace while the palaver is going on.

Bareheaded, barefooted, with neat, clean dresses, with snatches of songs on their lips and with the quiet deportment so natural to Zulu women, they make an interesting scene.

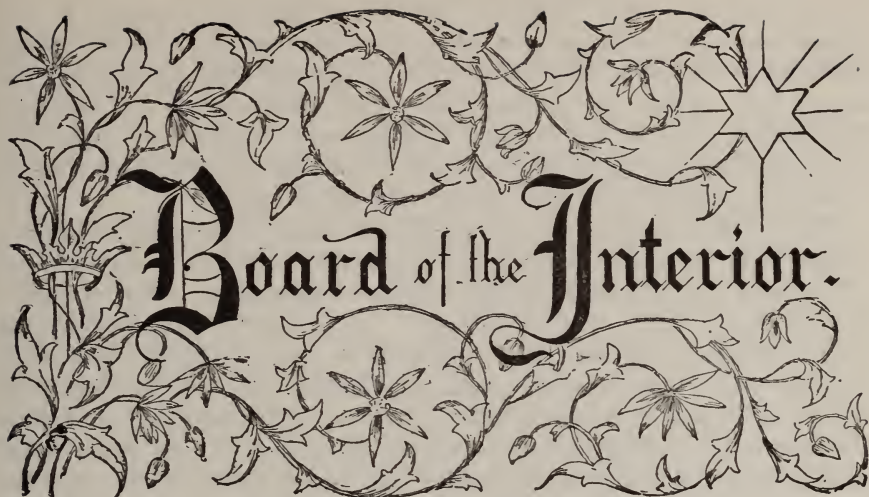
Now let us draw near and view the work at closer range. We pass down past the church, through the turnstile under the great eucalyptus trees, and soon go down a sharp descent of five steps to the back veranda of the Home.

The house is built like a large T, with the top away from us. Let us turn in at this first door. Ah, here, as I thought, we find the lady teachers in the sewing room. I will introduce you. Mrs. Dorward, ex-principal of the Home, relieved at the last annual meeting that she might "rest," sits there at the table cutting out dresses as hard as ever. After Mrs. Ireland's departure for America, in 1897, owing to failing health, Mrs. Dorward took the care of the Home on her hands and into her heart, and though in poor health bore the burden bravely, and is still at work as she is able. Miss Mellen, sitting at the sewing machine in the corner, was appointed principal in June, 1899, and her heart is already deeply enlisted in the work. There sits Miss Ireland, needle in hand, who assisted her mother, and has been five years in the school. If her needle could keep pace with her love every Zulu girl would be "clothed and in her right mind." This trio of God's daughters are bound together in a common love for God and for these children of his. They look up and greet us, and then turn to their work again, as we talk together. Time must be redeemed if from forty to sixty girls are to have dresses. See the dresses they are making. The material is galatea, striped, strong and substantial. It needs to be, too, if it is to hold in the muscles of these big girls. The dresses are made with plain waist and skirt, united at the waist by a band. No ruffles, flounces or furbelows adorn their simple plainness. They are neat and clean and strong, and that is all. The transformation of the girls from the grease, clay, dirt and nakedness of heathenism by a little water and these simple dresses is magical. You could hardly believe that that nice-looking girl just passing was what she was yesterday. I wonder that their friends can recognize them when they come to see them. But that transformation means work for these teachers, both in the dresses needed to inaugurate it and in the instruction in cleanliness and sewing necessary to perpetuate it.

The dinner bell recalls our attention to the girls, and we will ask to go in to see them at their mealtime. We pass through the house to the left end of the T. As we look through the window in passing we can see the girls lined up in single file, packed close together, with stragglers continually adding to the length of the line. The signal is given and they come trooping into the dining room, taking their seats on long benches by the tables. A white spread covers each table, and at each place is an enameled plate, cup and spoon. At the end of each table is a large dishpan full of rice or sweet potatoes steaming hot. Here are sixty girls crowded into three little rooms. Twenty would be as many as hygienic principles would allow, especially when they not only eat here, but as many as can, study and sleep in the same rooms. The mission put the limit of attendance on this school at thirty-five girls, making the allowance large, owing to the urgent need. But these teachers are never satisfied to be bound. This term Mrs. Dorward is living in the doctor's house on the hill, pending the coming of Dr. McCord's family. So while the censor was calmly thinking that the terrors of his presence would deter even such determined transgressors of the law as these teachers, they were packing both Home and doctor's house with runaways. He waked up at the end of the term to find that over sixty girls had been received, and fifteen more had been sent back home because there was "no room." This must not occur again unless the teachers go to the extent of sandbagging the censor (which I specially hope they won't do), but it shows you rich Americans what might be done if we had a little money.

I wish I might also give you a vision of a sight very common to us—the sad, disappointed looks on the faces of the girls when, with backward looks, they slowly and reluctantly turn their footsteps back to their homes, almost incredulous that there can be "no room" for them. They have dared the wrath of their fathers and brothers to escape from heathenism to become Christians,—for that is what it means to most of them,—and now they must turn back to meet that wrath unprotected, or to lie about the cause of their absence from home. "No room" after they have been invited to seek a higher life by Christ's messengers, and have taken the only course open to them to seek it by running away from their bondage. According to this term's record,—and it is sure to be greater next term,—owing to the news of the open door of this term, we must say to forty girls at the beginning of next term, "There is no room for you," and with sad faces they will turn back to the old life. God forgive the people who are responsible for this. I know that the teachers and censor are not, for they would pack the building so full that heads and arms would have to stick out of the windows, if it were not that the girls have bodies which will get sick from bad air.

(To be continued.)



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THREE LINKS IN GOD'S PLAN.

At a Friday morning meeting in the rooms of the Woman's Board of the Interior, not long ago, two natives of India were present. The older woman, Miss Stevens, daughter of an English father, in Madras, had been for fifteen or sixteen years a missionary of our Methodist Woman's Board there. The other was a daughter of a high-caste Brahmin family. Miss Stevens' story of "Three Links" in God's providential plan for her mission began with a baby brought by a Hindu mother who came to visit the mission teachers, and who, though a wicked woman, yielded to their pleadings that the baby might be given up to them for her own good. This child, taught of God and growing into a beautiful Christian womanhood, was the first link. That mother, often reviling them, protesting in drunken rage that she would have her child again, was finally brought to repentance

by the daughter's plea, "Mother, if you feel so badly when we part for one month here, what will you do when we part forever?" She became a Christian and a noble, brave evangelist,—“our Elizabeth,”—and was the second link. Later, her sickness, almost unto death, when the daughter knelt before God the whole night through, never relaxing her vigil until favorable symptoms appeared, was a case of cholera that only God himself could touch and heal, as her physicians themselves testified.

The third link was one who, when Elizabeth first encountered him in her village work,—a priest in his yellow robe, with matted hair,—said to her: "For thirty years I have contended with the missionaries. Who are you? Am I a dog to take a tract from you?" "We used to pray the Lord to convert him but with little faith," Miss Stevens said. "One day this man, who had visited every temple in Southern India, who wore a tiger skin and had given his nose to the gods, took a tract from Elizabeth, and soon after she came with a smile to tell me he wanted to see me. I was afraid when he approached, his head covered with sacred powder and with his noseless face; but he held out his hand and I had to put mine in it. His first words were 'Jesus has conquered. Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.' He has taken away my sins. Long ago I knew I had to be a Christian. Will you kneel down and pray?' I said yes, and he knelt down at my table and prayed. His next question was 'Will you baptize me?' What hath God wrought! was my thought. But I said, 'You have been a public sinner and cannot be baptized privately; come to the church at eleven o'clock to-morrow.'"

The scene in the church the next morning, as Miss Stevens described it,—the old priest yielding up to her his yellow robe and beads, begging her to wash the paint from his forehead, then kneeling before the pastor to receive baptism,—was truly wonderful. His answer to the pastor's questioning was "Jesus has conquered. Behold the Lamb of God." At his own request the baptismal name given him was John. He was the third link—this priest who began at once to proclaim the Lamb of God to all about him. "People cannot withstand him when he speaks," said Miss Stevens. He used to give charms; now he gives help and quinine to those who are in need, and tells them of Him who came to take away the sins of the world.

A few words followed from her pupil, Sorbronagane, a beautiful young Brahmin woman, who said: "I cannot talk much. I can only give my testimony. I used to not like the Bible. If not for the Lord Jesus and Miss Stevens I should not now love it. Five years ago I left my home that I might keep my faith. Pray for me as you pray for your own."

M. J. WILLCOX.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

The following extracts from some of our missionaries in China, written when they did not know what a day would bring forth, show the spirit with which they were prepared to meet danger, or even death.

“As you see cablegrams in the papers, I am sure you will all be much in prayer for our friends and native Christians. Remember we are all in God’s hand. The power of the Boxers is as nothing compared with His. He can, and does, make the wrath of men to praise Him. ‘Every hair of our heads is numbered.’ The Boxers have not power to shorten by one day the lives of His children. They can do nothing except it be His will. If He has more work for us to do in China we will live to do it, no matter how much His enemies may threaten. If again the history of the Church should be repeated, and ‘the blood of the martyrs become the seed of the Church,’ those who are counted worthy to join that matchless throng will be ‘forever with the Lord.’ Only a brief parting, and then a glad reunion in His presence ‘to go no more out forever,’ whatever happens ‘underneath are the everlasting arms.’ These days of trouble will not last long. They cannot, for His promises are sure. He will establish his kingdom, and He whose right it is will reign ‘from the rivers to the end of the earth.’”

“Last Wednesday the dreaded telegram came, ‘Powers occupied Taku Sunday,’ followed by peremptory orders from Consul Fowler to hasten to Chi Nan Fu, with promise of escort to the port where a steamer should await us. The fact that we must wait for coming of the large company from Hsiao Chang gave us time for comparatively leisurely preparations, but did not make it easy to decide what to try to take and what to leave to become food for the flames, or loot for the ruffians. It is now forty-eight hours since the blow fell, and we are comparatively wonted to the thought, but it is still unbelievable and dreamlike. One acts instead of feeling in an emergency.

“I know as never before the quietness of the ‘stayed heart.’ Our sorrow is for our people who ask so pitifully, ‘What will become of us when you are gone?’ We have no answer. God knows.

“The consecration of my youth is fresh and sweet in thought. ‘For life or for death I give myself to the work.’ It has never seemed to me so full of recompense as these last years, and I believe we are yet to see here ‘The salvation of God.’ So be grateful not sad for me whatever tidings reach you.”

“It looks as if the days of the dynasty were numbered. I hope so. I hope the crisis will come soon and be over. Then for work, as we have never worked before. Do not be anxious about me. It is so sweet at such a time as this to rest in God.”

"No one can tell what may come, but we are calm and trust in God. In fact I am glad of anything that hastens a crisis, for it will help to bring in God's kingdom."

"It is awful now, but when it is over China will be new, will be awake, and just think of the joy of working then!"

"We celebrated the Lord's supper this evening, and our hearts and minds were soothed by coming into contact with the pure soul of Christ. The aroma of his life seemed to fill the room for the moment; the sounds and turmoil of this world were lost in the growing glory of our Christ. We have a refuge here which no one can invade, and we are safe in him. Do not be anxious about me, or believe the telegrams, unless you have special reason to believe them. If we are entrapped, as were the missionaries in India in 1857, our way to glory will be speedily opened. It will make little difference whether we go a little earlier or later. God reigns and we can only commend ourselves to his care. That we are in danger all admit and realize. 'Hell may break loose at any moment.'"

CHINA.

I have been ill with a run of malarial fever, but am about well now. I think it came from having the land broken up for Lincoln Hall. I had such a noisy and miserable recitation room, which was simply in a native building with open places on two sides, so the noise from adjoining rooms made it hard to hear or make myself heard. I expect next term to have a proper recitation room in Lincoln Hall. My long illness—I was in bed six or seven weeks—has put me back in much I intended to do; but in spite of it I put through 4,000 Romanized writing-books on the press,—1,000 each of four different kinds. As I had blocks cut from copies I chose, it meant considerable work. It was a great joy to have some light work to do when I could not be up about. . . . God has come very near to me in my illness, and more and more I rejoice in him and the work he has given me. . . .

I am so sure you would be intensely interested in this Foochow College, that it is a pleasure to me to write you of my work here. If you could have seen how busy I was from six A. M. till ten at night during the absence of the Peets! That was an emergency. The mission force had decreased from twenty-seven missionaries in 1895 to only sixteen in 1897, while the work had doubled. During Mr. Peet's absence, when I was in charge of the college, we added the work of teaching the classes in the junior and senior years of our English course for the first time in the history of the college.

In that time, also, the number of students increased from 137 to 200. Do you wonder that Dr. Judson Smith represented that the Foochow mission

was in its last gasp? Had it not been that our hearts were so rejoiced at the growth of the work and the privilege of gathering a rich harvest after fifty years of seed-sowing, we could not have borne up under the heavy load of work and care. . . .

You cannot think of me as very far from American soil now—just a little west and north of the Philippines. We are sending three men from our college to prominent positions in a mission college in Amoy, a point south of Foochow. Who knows but you, in your work in sending me to Foochow, may be training men to uplift the Philippines next.

These men we are sending out are earnest Christians. One of them said, in speaking of our Foochow martyr, Lin Sük, one of the six beheaded by the Empress Dowager because of his reform spirit, "He was greatly honored to die thus for his country." Will you not pray that these young men may as nobly *live* for China, that she may be a Christian land?

Among these six martyrs one, a nephew of a former viceroy here in Foochow, said boldly to the Empress Dowager:—

"In every country progress has only been achieved by the sacrifice of some human life. Why should I not be the first to die for China?"

At another time he said to her, "You may behead us, but for every head you take off there will a thousand rise up for the cause of reform in China."

Do you not feel, dear friends, that it is a glorious privilege to have a share in training these young men of China?

Of these six martyrs two or three had expressed a desire to be baptized, but humbly refrained, because it would bring such ignominy on the church.

The martyrdom of Lin Sük came very near to us. He had reprinted at his own expense an astronomy of my father's, adding his own notes at the end of each chapter, to show how these scientific truths refuted the heathen ideas. This book is one taught in our college, and included in the teachers' examinations for all our day-schools. China is awaking! Will you not, each of you, pray more and work more for the mighty empire? Pray much, too, for me personally as your representative here.

EMILY S. HARTWELL.

THE WORD QUICK AND POWERFUL.

MISS MARIA G. NUTTING.

For two years Hubbo tried to complete the course of study in the girls' boarding school. But she could not do it; the algebra and astronomy balked her comprehension.

She and her relatives asked that she be appointed to some of the station work among the women. But the committee felt her to be too stupid and too unreliable. Besides, there were no funds for new work. Incidentally during her school days her teacher had learned of Hubbo's work from time to time among her neighbors,—people whose one-roomed houses opened into the same high-walled yard as did her widowed mother.

This gave her teacher the idea that Hubbo might do some good as Bible reader in a neglected quarter of the city. Calling Hubbo to her, she said, "Hubbo, if you will go over toward the east end of the city and find fifteen or twenty women who will begin learning to read with you, I will be surety that you are paid forty piesters (\$2.20) the first month, and we will see how it works."

The girl eagerly accepted, and entered upon her toilsome, heart-trying work with enthusiasm. She came back occasionally to report progress, and always, on Saturdays, to tell the special incidents of the week's work, which were often of thrilling interest to the listener.

She, a stranger and a girl, found her way among those women, with their hearts so heavy and bitterly hard, their minds shriveled and souls in the chill of outer darkness. Most of them were connected with the old, corrupt church which kept them ignorant and debased; for, indeed, the priests were scarcely more. In some houses she met scoffs and abuse on making known her errand; but usually she found a ready hearing from those whose lives are so barren of interest, and occasionally she found one willing to begin reading, which in that town had come to be nearly synonymous with becoming a Protestant. Finally she reported eighteen pupils, as many as she could teach, going about from house to house, and sitting down beside them as they were at their work. After the dulled mind had plodded through the reading lesson of simple syllables or words, Hubbo would, wherever possible, read some Gospel message and offer a personal prayer, and try to teach some precious verse word by word. Many are the heart-stirring incidents that took place in connection with these lessons. But the story of one pupil must suffice.

One day in passing along the narrow, crooked, high-walled street, Hubbo heard a *kalabala*—the expressive native word—a pandemonium of women's voices quarrelling, cursing and reviling. Knocking upon the heavy iron-faced door she gained entrance to a desolate, dirty yard, upon which yawned the usual number of dark doorways.

The mother-in-law and several daughters-in-law, with screaming babies and squabbling children squirming over and among them, were engaged in the frequent diversion of an animated family dispute, inevitable where so many undisciplined women must live together. After a little general chat, Hubbo

succeeded in getting the brightest-looking one off by herself, and asked, "Wouldn't you like to learn to read?"

"Learn to read!" echoed Jemeela, with a coarse laugh. "Why, I'm nothing but a donkey!"

"But," argued Hubbo, quietly, "women can learn to read. Many are reading with me now."

Jemeela looked at her incredulously, asked several questions, and then said, with biting laughter: "Yes, I will; I will learn to read, and show them (her mother and sisters-in-law) that I'm the smartest!"

So she became Hubbo's pupil, and toiled along slowly over her letters and words. Meanwhile Hubbo was teaching her a verse, toilfully, scarcely more than a word at a time. Finally when she could really say the whole phrase without mistake her satisfaction and joy were such as to make an angel glad.

"Oh, I can do it—I can! I have something right here in me that I can say by heart. A donkey couldn't do that! I must be more than a donkey!" And day by day as she said it over and over, sitting at her varied housework, the blessed truth underlying the words slowly sank into her heart: "And the blood—the blood of Jesus Christ his Son—" she paused as one handling treasured possessions—"cleanseth us, cleanseth me, from all sin."

"O, teacher," the other women asked of Hubbo, "what foreign medicine is it that you are giving Jemeela that she has become so quiet and good? No matter how much we curse and revile her, she never answers back any more, and she used to have the nimblest tongue of us all!"

Send up to God your prayers for this fruitful work. Send on through His agents the funds to increase its scope!

AN ABLE WATCH AND KEEPER.

During the summer following little Pearl's eleventh birthday both her parents died. The pastor and Christian friends in her native village brought it about that she was sent soon afterwards to the girls' boarding school, two days' journey distant.

Little Pearl—for such is the interpretation of her name—was a high-spirited, quick-tempered little girl and very pretty, with her large brown eyes and heavy braids of dark hair. She learned rapidly, and became very fond of her school and teachers.

During her second year at school she was trying very hard to follow Jesus, but found her fiery temper a great temptation to her. The Bible wall texts hung about the schoolroom from week to week were often a vital help to her in her struggles to overcome her fault, and she often prayed little, thankful prayers for the present help of the Holy Spirit in this work; for, like most of her people, little Pearl was very ready in prayer.

One day when the procession of schoolgirls on their way home from church was passing in through the great iron-faced, two-leaved doors of their high-walled yard, the teacher was watching them from an upper win-

dow, for she loved to see how they enjoyed getting home again, to hear their laughing talk or earnest remarks, and to see them dropping down their sheet-like outer garments to hang like skirts as they removed other wrappings,—not gloves, an “unknown quantity” there!

All at once she noticed Pearl, upon whose hand as she was passing through the gate some one had carelessly banged the door. The pretty face flamed with anger, and as the little mouth opened the teacher expected to hear the usual disgraceful torrent of abusive words, and even, perhaps, the reviling of the offender’s grandmother, the last stroke of a passionate tongue in that strange land. Suddenly the pretty lips closed tightly without a word, and Pearl walked off resolutely to another corner of the wall, nursing her hurt finger.

A little later, when sitting quietly at the feet of her teacher for their twilight talk and prayer, the teacher asked, “Why was it that you did not scold Nijmie when she shut your finger in the door?”

“Oh, I was so angry! I could have broken her head against the wall, I was so mad!” she answered vehemently, her cheeks reddening again at the recollection. “But,” she added in a suddenly sweet and gentle voice, “the blessed Spirit helped me quick to remember our prayer-verse, and I said in my heart over and over, ‘Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips,’ and so he did!”

This is only one item in the work going on in one of the smaller girls’ boarding schools in Turkey. And of such quality there might be infinitely more done if—but—what?

Generous gifts of prayer-winged money; two God-moved young teachers from America to conduct the work,—these will supply the present need, and be an earnest of rich returns in the future.

WOMAN’S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR.

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RECEIPTS FROM JULY 10, 1900, TO AUG. 10, 1900.

ILLINOIS	1,667 76	INDIA RELIEF FUND.	
INDIANA	46 50	Received this month	76 60
IOWA	395 12	Already forwarded	917 84
KANSAS	99 97	Total to date	\$994 44
MICHIGAN	179 47		
MINNESOTA	80 10	CENTURY FUND.	
NEBRASKA	50 44	Received this month	590 55
OHIO	338 09	Already reported	2,004 77
SOUTH DAKOTA	56 18	Total	\$2,595 32
WISCONSIN	268 23		
CONNECTICUT	250 00	ADDITIONAL DONATIONS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS.	
MISCELLANEOUS	190 22	Received this month	31 03
Receipts for the month	3,622 08	Already forwarded	780 28
Previously acknowledged	38,246 29	Total since Oct. 20, 1899	\$811 31
Total since Oct. 20, 1899	\$41,868 37		

Mrs. E. M. WILLIAMS, Ass't Treas.

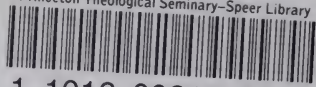
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